

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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THE CHILDREN'S MONTH.

NOT because of snowballs, mittens, sleds, skates, tingling fingers, flying feet, joyful voices; but because unto them, this month, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, was born a Child, a Prince was given, — the Child of heaven, the Prince of Peace; and, that they may not lose this Child and Prince, as some of their elders do, his birth-day is kept throughout Christendom.

The children's month, because for that month we all become more like little children, love one another more truly, pity the poor, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and feel that the earth is sweeter, because heaven more near.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CAUSE.

WE have just finished another Sabbath-school year. Have we done in it what we could to make our own school useful? what we could to help on the Sunday-school cause?

The safety of the state depends on its free schools; the safety of religion on its Sunday-schools. Our scholars need to be taught that they are to do their part towards learning, and our teachers to get patience to wait for the fruit of their labors.

We want money! — money, the thews and sinews of peace, as much as of war.

Let those parishes who have not helped the Sunday-school Society, help it at once, and those who have aided it, aid it the more.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Two little children, rosy and red,
Side by side in a snug warm bed;
Two little stockings, where many a toy
Is crammed, to please both girl and boy;
Santa Claus must have been this way,
Leaving them presents for Christmas Day!

For The Dayspring.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE FOREST.

BY M. C. J.



T was Christmas Eve in a dark forest in Germany; a child was wandering alone — alone as to any visible companionship; but a loving Father and tender, pitiful angels were with him, guarding him from harm, and cheering him in his lonely way, — for his soul was innocent and true.

His father had died while he was too young even to miss him. His mother, in poverty and feeble health, had struggled on to provide for and instruct her boy; and, when she found she too must leave him, she gave him all the money she had, his father's picture, and her wedding-ring, and told him to find his way to the town beyond the forest, and seek for work, hoping he would find a home with some kind family, and earn his living.

Franz had toiled on patiently, and even cheerfully; for, though the parting with his mother was a heavy sorrow, she had taught him to trust in the All-Father, whose love never forsakes his children; and he knew she was safe, and for ever blessed. Night was fast coming on; he was cold and hungry, and, worse than all, missed the path. He remembered that it was Christmas Eve; that almost the world over children were rejoicing in the birth of the Holy Child, and tears filled his eyes. Laying down his bundle, he knelt in the dim forest and prayed — prayed that the Child who was born on this night would pity and help guide him, another child, homeless and friendless. His heart was comforted. He seemed to feel his mother's presence, so strongly did her words of hope and trust come back to

his mind; and he arose, and once more tried to find the path.

In a little time, he saw twinkling in the distance a light. With new hope, he pressed on, almost forgetting his weariness; for this light he knew must be in some dwelling. Surely, none would refuse him, a child, shelter and food on this glad night. It was, indeed, the light from the uncurtained windows of a forester's cottage; and, as the boy drew near, sweet sounds greeted him. They were singing a Christmas carol, accompanied by a harp. Franz fairly held his breath, and listened. In the darkness and stillness of the great forest, it was welcome to him as the music of angels.

His timid knock was quickly answered; and in the warm, light room, he found a father, mother, and three children, the youngest a baby of a year old. But these good people, wondering greatly what had brought a child there in the night and alone, hastened to feed and warm him. When he had eaten a plentiful supper, and the hot soup had banished the chill from his weary frame, they listened to his story with tender interest.

"You shall sleep beneath our roof, dear child," they said; and the house-mother (as she is beautifully called in German homes), opening a door, showed him a tidy little room and white bed, bidding him go to rest as soon as he liked. He was not slow to act upon this invitation, for he was very weary; and, after a chat with the children, who gladly shared with him their little gifts of fruit and cakes and wooden toys, he curled into his warm nest, and in a few moments was fast asleep — not, however, before a hearty thanksgiving rose from his heart to the loving Father, who had so mercifully led him to these kind, true hearts and open hands. "In the morning," he thought, "the good forester will give me directions, that I

shall not again miss my way; and I will start bright and early, and reach the town long before nightfall. I shall hear the chiming of the Christmas bells, and may be a Christmas anthem, and I can, at least, sleep in a church for one night, if I do not find a place to-morrow."

The forester and his wife were much pleased with the boy's gentle ways and intelligent words. In the morning the house-mother said to her husband: —

"I had a strange, sweet dream last night. I thought we were singing our Christmas carols, when some one rapped at our door. A tired, timid child stood there, shivering and hungry."

"Wife, you have forgotten!" exclaimed the forester. "That really happened."

"I know it," she said; "but I dreamed it, too. And now listen to the rest: I bade him come in; we fed him, and cheered him with kind words, and sent him to sleep in the little room there. Then I dreamed it was morning, and the chamber door opened; but, lo! instead of the poor, wandering child, came forth a majestic form, in a halo of soft light, with wonderously loving eyes and gentle mien. He raised his hand, as if in blessing, and I knew him, — the Saviour, whose birth we celebrate to-day! In tones sweeter than music, he said: 'Whoso receiveth one such child in my name, receiveth me!'"

For a little while there was silence; then the house-mother said: —

"I would like to adopt this boy as our own. What think you, my husband? It seems as if the Lord sent him to us, asking us to receive him in the little child."

The forester took her hand in his own.

"As you will, dear wife," he answered. "The care will come mostly on you, as you know; but if it is in your heart to do this, I will not say nay."

So the Christmas morning brought to Franz a glad surprise, — brought him a father and mother, sisters and brother. To them he proved a dutiful and grateful son, a kind and affectionate brother; and the house-mother felt her beautiful dream realized, for blessings seemed to come with the child, and the peace of Christ overshadowed their lowly but loving and happy home.

A HYMN OF WELCOME TO THE COMING CHRISTMAS.

I.

DECEMBER days portend
The Year's approaching end:
Earth feels the grasp of Winter's icy hand;
On all the hills and plains
Dumb, dreary silence reigns;
Lifting their arms, to heaven, the trees, mute
mourners, stand.

II.

But, lo! another scene,
Where groves of evergreen
Smile out on gleaming snow and sparkling air;
While, from their peaceful height,
Fair fields of starry light
Pour down a soft, serene, and spring-like splen-
dor there.

III.

Well may they smile: for these
Are now all Christmas-trees,
That seem to feel the near, approaching morn, —
Blest morn! at whose return,
Those bright stars keenly burn,
Fair festal lights, to hail the Prince of Peace,
new-born!

IV.

O joy of Heaven! where now,
Stern Winter drear, art thou?
Thy chains are melted by this blessed Sun!
The Day-Spring from on high
Lights up the waning sky,
And a New Year begins ere yet the Old is done.

V.

O hail the cheering sign,
My soul, of Grace Divine!
Of thy true life behold an emblem here!
Read, how — her inner eye
Illumined from on high —
Faith enters, here below, on Heaven's Eternal
Year!
C. T. B.

THE TRUE STORY ABOUT WHITTINGTON.

MORE than four hundred years ago there lived in a village of England a boy named Richard Whittington. His parents, who were quite poor, died while he was yet a child. Not wishing to be a burden to any one, he thought he would go to London and seek employment. So he put a few articles of dress in a bag, and, with a stout stick under his arm, set forth on his journey.

It was a long and weary walk for him in those days, and sometimes he felt almost famished for want of food. At Highgate, within view of London, he sat down on a rock by the roadside. He felt so sad and hungry that he could hardly keep from weeping. He threw his bag and stick on the ground, and wished he were back in the village where he was born.

"There," thought he, — "there, in that quiet village, are at least the graves of my parents. There I can find persons who knew and respected them, and who will give me work enough to keep me from starving. Yes, I think I will go back." Richard turned his face in the direction of his old home, and rose from his seat. But suddenly he heard the Bow Bells chiming, and he sat down again and listened.

He listened for some minutes, sitting with upraised finger in the attitude of one whose senses are all absorbed in the one sense of hearing. And he smiled while he listened;

for he fancied that the bells suited their chiming to these words: "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London."

Very slight causes will sometimes influence us strongly for good or for evil. Richard had probably, in his day-dreams, been thinking how many a poor boy had, by industry, fidelity, and strict attention to duty, risen to offices of high trust. "Why might not a poor boy rise even to be Lord Mayor?" perhaps he had thought.

How hard it was to give up all these hopes of advancement, and go back to his native village! And so, while he was hesitating the very bells, as they chimed, seemed to protest against his faint-hearted resolve, and to cry out to him, by way of encouragement, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London."

And he *did* turn. He took up his bundle and stick, and walked on to London. He saw a mercer's shop. On the sign over the door was the name of Hugh Fitzwarden. Richard paused, and looked in at the windows, and, at last, boldly entering the shop, accosted Mr. Fitzwarden, and told his story.

The good mercer was pleased with Richard's frank and respectful manner, and his bright, pleasant face. So he said to him: "I will take you on trial, my lad. If you are diligent, honest, and attentive, be sure you will prosper, and we shall agree very well." So Richard then became mercer's apprentice.

Richard's first care was to be strictly honest; his next, to look closely after the interests of his master, and to grudge no labor spent in his service. So well did he succeed in these determinations that Mr. Fitzwarden grew very fond of him, and encouraged an attachment which he saw springing up between his only daughter, Alice, and the youth.

So Richard at last became the good mercer's son-in-law. A few years afterwards he

was made partner in the business. So much skill and aithfulness did he show in all his dealings that he gained a high character among the merchants; and, before he was forty years old, when the citizens were looking round for a candidate for their highest civic office, one tradesman said to another: "If we could have Richard Whittington for our Mayor, we should be sure of having an honest man."

"That's a good idea," said the other tradesman. "There's no dealer in all London I would trust so soon as I would Whittington. I never knew him do a mean thing. Why, sir, just before last Christmas I sold him a lot of damaged silk—at least I thought it was damaged. But Whittington found it was much better than I had represented, and so what does he do but come and tell me the fact, and insist on paying me the full price for the article! That's the kind of honesty I like."

And so it happened that when Whittington's name was mentioned, all the merchants said he was a very fit man to be Lord Mayor, and he was accordingly elected without any difficulty. Three several times he filled the office. He founded some of the best charitable institutions of the city. King Henry made him a knight, under the title of Sir Richard Whittington.

But Sir Richard was not puffed up by his success. He was quite as plain and good a man as when he was simple Richard. He felt that he was merely a steward of the bounties which Providence had committed to him. He prized wealth only as it enabled him to help the needy and afflicted. The rock is still shown in Highgate where he sat down, and fancied that Bow Bells rang out those words of cheer: "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London! Turn again, turn again, turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London!"

CHRISTMAS VERSES.

FOR THE READERS OF THE "DAYSPRING."

The tender mother laid her babe upon his lowly
bed,

And angels hovered lovingly about his sleeping
head;

Whilst from the choirs of heaven glad hallelujahs
rang:

"Glory to God, and peace on earth,
Good-will to men, thro' Jesus' birth!"
'Twas thus the angels sang.

When persecution spread her chains for those who
loved his name,

His ministering angels with their strength'ning
message came;

And in the dread arena, amid its deaf'ning clang,
"Glory to God, and peace on earth,

Good-will to men, thro' Jesus' birth!"
The early martyrs sang.

When bigotry and blinded zeal with danger strewed
the road,

And our forefathers sought in vain "Freedom to
worship God;"

As round the Mayflower's steady prow the roaring
waves upsprang, —

"Glory to God, and peace on earth,
Good-will to men, thro' Jesus' birth!"
Our brave forefathers sang.

When thro' our peaceful valleys the cruel war-cry
rose,

And those who should be brethren stood forth as
mortal foes,

With pallid lips, upon whose tones the trembling
children hang,

"Glory to God, and peace on earth,
Good-will to men, thro' Jesus' birth!"
Our trembling mothers sang.

And when upon our infant brow our pastor's hand
was laid,

To bid us welcome to the church which Christ him-
self had made,

From hearts, that overflowed with love, the trustful
anthem rang:

"Glory to God, and peace on earth,
Good-will to men, thro' Jesus' birth!"
Our loving parents sang.

And when our heedless feet would seek the strait
and rugged way,

That leads thro' all life's darkness to the bright and
perfect day;

As lovingly they guide us where the living waters
spring, —

"Glory to God, and peace on earth,
Good-will to men, thro' Jesus' birth!"
'Tis thus our teachers sing.

And as our words are feeble, and weak our voice for
praise,

And poor our earnest efforts the gladsome songs to
raise,

From hill and vale around us they speed on joyful
wing, —

"Glory to God, and peace on earth,
Good-will to men, thro' Jesus' birth!"
The Christmas bells all ring.

O blessed Christmas morning, best day of all the
year,

We bid thee joyful welcome, with all thy friendly
cheer!

To join the blissful chorus, our offering we bring:

"Glory to God, and peace on earth,
Good-will to men, thro' Jesus' birth!"
We happy children sing.

W. N. EVANS.

MONTREAL, December, 1875.

WE ARE CHILDREN.

ONE fine February morning, when the sun
and the west wind had made all the children's
hearts dance, by promising to bring summer
to Oldbury all at once, an antiquated white
butterfly woke in a corner of the old church,
and began its summer career by paying be-
wildered visits to the flowers in the ladies'
spring bonnets. Elsie's and Steenie's eyes
met once or twice in their rapturous follow-
ing of the intruder's erratic flights; and, at
last, Elsie grew so absorbed in watching a
daring effort of Steenie's to capture the
prize, when it rested on a bunch of yellow
roses in Mrs. Lutridge's bonnet, that she let
a heavy hymn-book she was holding fall to
the ground.

Mrs. Lutridge stood up to frown at her; and, covered with confusion, she crouched down, and hid her face on grandmamma's shoulder. But, when all was quiet again, her interest in the butterfly obliged her to raise her head and peep over the pew-side, just to see what had become of it.

Steenie was holding it lightly between his finger and thumb; and, as she looked up, he actually stretched out his hand to show it to her.

Their eyes met, and spoke to each other quite unmistakably now—question and answer, quicker than words could have conveyed them. Then the finger and thumb parted; the butterfly fluttered up above Mr. Pierrepont's head, carrying the children's eyes with it. They met again coming down, the boy's bright, bold eyes brimming over with fun, and quite confidently claiming Elsie's companionship in his amusement. It was a wonderful joy to Elsie.

"We are children," Steenie's eyes had said to her, instead of the old sentence she had heard so often, "You are a child."

She had made one real, living acquaintance in the child world; and the dreams and visions she moved among every day took a sort of substance from that recollection, which made them more satisfying.

OLDBURY.

QUESTIONS FOR SELF-EXAMINATION.

Am I content to be little thought of in the world?

Can I cheerfully see myself passed in the race of life by those whose claims to success appeared to be less than my own?

Do I like to hear others praised?

Can I patiently and gratefully receive a just rebuke, even from an inferior?

Am I ready to take the lowest place?

Can I say from the bottom of my heart, "God be merciful to me, a sinner?"

Living Jewels.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL MANNERS.

PERHAPS you will say we go to dancing-school to learn manners, to bow and to courtesy; but to Sunday school to learn morals. But there is no place where we can do without good manners. I want you to be Christian gentlemen and gentlewomen as well as Christian scholars.

One who tries to do right can scarcely fail to have good manners; for one way of doing right is giving our pleasure up for others. It charms me, in my own Sunday school, when a boy or girl pauses to let me pass, — not for my own sake, but for theirs.

You show good manners in Sunday school when you keep your eyes on your teacher, and do not let them wander to the other classes; good manners, when you answer, though you are not sure your answer will be correct; good manners, when you do not whisper, or *hunch* one another, or eat nuts, or do any of the other rude things which it is possible to do even in Sunday school.

For The Dayspring.

THE MOLE.

FROM RUCKERT.

THE mole is not stark-blind: Nature has given to him

A little eye, to see his way along the dim
And mazy corridors that through the palace wind,
Whose subterranean halls and chambers he designed.

So much the less of dust into his eye there falls,
The more he, grovelling, rears o'erhead his vaulted halls.

The rain-worm, which he hunts with other senses quite,

He needs not to spy out, so sluggish is its flight.
And when, in some warm night, he creeps up from below,

To his small star the heavens their glorious ones will show;

And he, unconsciously, takes down with him a spark,

And grovels on again, contented in the dark.

C. T. B.

TOYS AND TREASURES.

How exciting, how joyful, the Christmas tree! For a month the children have looked forward to it. Now the folding-doors are thrown open, and there is the welcome sight. Soon the gifts are distributed. John has his longed-for book, and is reading it at once; while Elsie and Jane look at the pictures; Emily is blowing her trumpet, Annie hugging her wooden horse, Mabel fastening her teeth in the orange, — all too busy to look up at the shining candles.

Which take my thoughts from the pretty toys to the treasures which every child can lay up for himself in heaven.

Last Christmas I read to our Sunday-schoolers a short story about *What the man in the moon saw on the earth*. I was puzzled to think what put that man in my head, till it occurred to me that, when I was asked to write a story, I said to myself, I don't know what to write about any more than the man in the moon!

I was so provoked that I did not read loud enough for all to hear, that, I thought, Well, next year I'll write about trumpets, — any way, a great many people need ear-trumpets. The trumpet is a grand musical instrument. "In Venice the sun rises to the sound of a trumpet." But now, that it is coming Christmas again, my mind turns away from trumpets, which are but grown-up toys, pleasant to hear, as Maelzel's trumpeter was, when I was a child, but not to be compared to the treasures that children, with their elders, should seek after.

You remember *the Child* we think of at Christmas, — not that we make him presents, excepting of our love, which the more we give the more we have. I wish I could give you all a little picture of Jesus, as the Good Shepherd. In a scarlet robe, with a blue mantle, he stands leaning on a crook, while with the left hand he holds a lamb on

his shoulders, — a little lamb that has wandered from him, but that Jesus has not rested till he found.

Then I would like to give you a picture of him as the Holy Child in Nazareth. I think he would be a great deal more real to you if you formed an image in your mind of his home, and what he amused himself with.

His father was a carpenter, so Jesus' toys may have been shavings and blocks of wood, sweet-smelling, pure-looking.

I like to think this, for I was often thinking about wood when I was a child. Cords of wood were piled to the ceiling in our wood-house, and the wood-saw was often in use. I was often watching a fire laid, blowing it with the bellows, and sitting round it winter nights. I loved the great wood fires almost like friends.

Next our house was a carpenter's shop. There the plane was going from morning till night. In the midst of the graceful shavings, falling like rain about him, sat the carpenter, Batholomew's black-eyed son, with his playthings ready-made to hand.

Looking back now nearly nineteen hundred years ago, let us try to picture the Child Jesus in the midst of his wooden treasures; for toys are treasures to children. Then let Christmas, the great feast of the Church, open our eyes to the treasures which will last when all our toys are broken.

We are told that Jesus, when he was a child, was subject unto his parents. Be ye subject unto yours; and, like Jesus, as you grow in stature, grow in grace and in favor with God and man.

WASHINGTON once had a secretary who was often late at his desk, and always laying the blame on his watch.

"You must get another watch, or I another secretary," said the general at last.



CHRISTMAS TREE.

SANTA CLAUS.

Two little boys stood in thought by the sitting-room table the day before Christmas. The elder one, Tony, had been reading the papers, and had noticed the many complaints about the terribly hard times, and that Santa Claus would not be quite as generous as in the past years; and somewhere he had seen a hint that Santa Claus was dead, and did not hesitate to inform the younger one, who was inclined to take a more hopeful view of it, as you will see.

"I think Santa Claus is dead."

"Why?" asked Eddie, with wondering eyes.

"I read so in the paper."

Eddie thought a moment, then raised his curly head, with a smile spreading all over his chubby face.

"But, Tony, I feel sure that he has left a son, just as rich as he was."

"May be has. I hope so; for I don't see how an old man can get through such a little hole as that is in the fireboard;" and they ran out to the breakfast table to tell their mamma the glad news; and I think the little fellows were satisfied that the son was just as rich as the father, when they found their stockings well filled on Christmas morning, and danced around in high glee

as they measured the size of the hole in the fireboard, and thanked their lucky stars that the old fellow had taken it upon himself to leave a son in the world just big enough to squeeze down chimney with the presents, when he had grown too fat, from eating plum puddings and dainties, to come down himself. Are you not glad, too, little folks?

C. D. NICKERSON.

JENNY AND BOB AGAIN.

YES, they both learnt their lesson. Bob first, and very soon after that long schooling Jenny gave him, which you remember in the picture last month, where he was sitting up begging, and Jenny looking at him with a very grave face.

Jenny is learning her lesson every day. At first she thought it hard that Aunt Silence made her learn those three golden rules of the housewife:

TO DO EVERY THING AT ITS PROPER TIME.

TO PUT EVERY THING IN ITS PROPER PLACE.

TO KEEP EVERY THING TO ITS PROPER USE.

Jenny had been allowed by her invalid mother to do very much as she pleased. She had pleased to spend most of her time reading story-books, and so she lost all rel-

ish for other reading and for doing any thing else.

Jenny, like other children, believed her mother's way the best, as a mother's often is; but it was not so good as Aunt Silence's; and Jenny was finding it up-hill work, putting off reading till the evening and spending her day in housework, study, and running about.

If you can believe it, Jenny is sorry Bob learned his lesson so well; for, not content with sitting up to beg when she tells him to, he begs of his own accord on the roadside; and Jenny fears such a charming doggie will be stolen from her. At last accounts, he had not been. She is trying to earn a collar for him.

"Aunt Silence is not sorry that Jenny is learning her lesson, for she knows it will help to make her a good little woman, and happy as the day is long. Miss Silence is learning too (for we are never too old to learn), that story-books are very interesting, and she makes more excuse for Jenny's too great love of them. You would not wish a prettier sight than the two seated at night by the little round table, with twisted legs, in front of the cosey wood fire; Miss Silence knitting, Jenny reading aloud. Their book now is Mr. Higginson's History of America, for boys and girls.

Puss turns around on her mat, Bob starts on his, when Jenny's voice grows louder and more joyful.

They are a very happy family.

ARE YOU EVER CROSS?

I AM sorry to say I am; I fear every one is at times, though some do not seem to be. I think one way not to be cross long is not to speak when you feel so; for you can easily lash yourself into a rage by talking about ill-treatment.

If you speak, try to speak gently; try to be kind in some little way to the person who has affronted you; and your kind deed will, at least in your heart, wash away his unkind deed.

What is worse than being cross with your companions, is anger against your Heavenly Father's will. Till you submit to that you can know no peace. One of the hardest trials to children is being ill, and not able to go out of the house and do as other children do. There are invalid children who feel like caged birds, and it is not so easy to make them see, as one can older people, that the illness that seems to them so strange is for good. Here are two verses, written by Madame Guyon, when she was unjustly imprisoned. Let any invalid child who is in the habit of being impatient, learn them by heart, and repeat them when the cross fit comes on:—

"A little bird am I,
Shut from the fields of air,
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases thee!

"Nought have I else to do:
I sing the whole day long;
And He whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song.
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing."

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By permission of Rev. C. L. Hutchins, Medford, Mass.

Ca-rol, sweetly ca-rol, A Saviour born to day; Bear the joyful tidings, Oh,

Bear them far a-way. Ca-rol, sweet-ly ca-rol, Till earth's re-motest bound Shall

Chorus.

hear the mighty cho-rus, And e-cho back the sound. Car-ol, sweet-ly ca-rol,

Carol, sweetly

Ca-rol sweetly to-day; Bear the joy-ful tidings, Oh, bear them far a-way.
Ca-rol, ca-rol,

Ca-rol sweetly to-day.

Carol, sweetly carol,
As when the angel throng,
O'er the vales of Judah,
Awoke the heavenly song.
Carol, sweetly carol,
Good-will, and peace and love,
Glory in the highest,
To God who reigns above.

Carol, sweetly carol,
The happy Christmas time;
Hark! the bells are pealing
Their merry, merry chime.
Carol, sweetly carol,
Ye shining ones above,
Sing in loudest numbers,
Oh, sing redeeming love!

CHILD-LIFE IN NAZARETH.

"HE who has seen the children of Nazareth in their red caftans and bright tunics of silk or cloth, girded with a many-colored sash, and sometimes covered with a loose outer jacket of white or blue; he who has watched their noisy and merry games, and heard their ringing laughter as they wander about the hills of their little native vale, or play in bands on the hillside beside their sweet and abundant fountain, may perhaps form some conception of how Jesus looked and played when he too was a child. And the traveller who has followed any of those children, as I have done, to their simple homes, and seen the scanty furniture, the plain but sweet and wholesome food, the uneventful, happy, patriarchal life, may form a vivid conception of the manner in which Jesus lived. Nothing can be plainer than those houses, with the doves sunning themselves on the white roofs, and the vines wreathing about them. The mats or carpets are laid loose along the walls; shoes and sandals are taken off at the threshold; from the centre hangs a lamp, which forms the only ornament in the room; in some recess in the wall is placed the wooden chest, painted with bright colors, which contains the books or other possessions of the family; on a ledge that runs round the wall, within easy reach, are neatly rolled up the gay-colored quilts which serve as beds; and on the same ledge are ranged the earthen vessels for daily use; near the door stand the large, common water-jars of red clay, with a few twigs and green leaves—often of aromatic shrubs—thrust into their orifices, to keep the water cool. At meal-time a painted wooden stool is placed in the centre of the apartment, a large tray is put upon it, and in the middle of the tray stands the dish of rice and meat, or *libbân*, or stewed fruits,

from which all help themselves in common. Both before and after the meal, the servant, or the youngest member of the family, pours water over the hands from a brazen ewer into a brazen bowl. So quiet, so simple, so humble, so uneventful, was the outward life of the family of Nazareth."

Farrar's Life of Christ.

THE GOOD LITTLE SISTER.

THAT was a bitter winter

When Jenny was four years old,
And lived in a lonely farm-house —
Bitter, and long, and cold.

The crops had been a failure, —
In the barns there was room to spare;
And Jenny's hard-working father
Was full of anxious care.

o when it drew near the season
That makes the world so glad, —
When Jenny knew 'twas the time for gifts,
Her childish heart was sad.

For she thought, "I shall get no present
When Christmas comes, I am sure;"
Ah! the poor man's child learns early
Just what it means to be poor.

Jenny had a good little sister,
Very big to her childish eyes,
Who was womanly, sweet, and patient,
And kind, as she was wise.

And she had thought of this Christmas,
And the little it could bring,
Ever since the crops were half destroyed
By the freshet in the spring.

So the sweetest nuts of the autumn
She had safely hidden away;
And the ripest and reddest apples
Hoarded for many a day.

And last she mixed some seed-cakes
(Jenny was sleeping then),
And moulded them grotesquely,
Like birds, and beasts, and men.

And you could'nt have seen next morning
 A gladder child in the land,
 Than that humble farmer's daughter,
 With her simple gifts in her hand.

And this, if you have but little,
 Is what I would say to you:
 Make all you can of that little;
 Do all the good you can do.

And though your gifts may be humble,
 Let no child, I pray,
 Find only an empty stocking
 On the morn of the Christmas day!

PHEBE CARY.

COSEY CORNER.

OUR corner is a good place to talk and listen in. Do you know how much harder it is to listen than to talk? I want you to form the habit early of listening. It is polite to listen well, and one learns much by it.

The other day, a little girl not four years old was studying her Sunday-school lesson, which was:—

Jesus said, Suffer little children to come unto me.

And her comment was:—

"Poor, darling Bessie has got no children to come unto her!"

Don't you wish animals could talk to us? I think it likely they talk to one another. We are giants and kings to them,—cross kings, cruel giants, sometimes.

The other day, at the Old Colony Station in South Street, a policeman stopped a heavy truck to let the foot-passengers get across. The truckman was so enraged that he cried out, "Let that horse alone!" "I shall not let him alone, nor let you alone," cried out the policeman, as he held tightly the leading horse. Noble creature, held by one man to stop, lashed by the other, who did not dare to strike the policeman, to go on! And so the innocent was punished for the guilty. I

hope the policeman took the number of the cart, and some means were found to punish the disobedient and angry truckman. I am sorry those fine horses had so poor a master.

Not many days later, I heard a man say in Kneeland Street, "There's a shoe off." True enough, there was a horse stumbling along with one shoe loose, and slipping from an insecure bandage. Poor dumb creatures, doing their best to carry out our sometimes wicked will! Animals love a kind tone. I try to speak a pleasant word as I pass them, and glance at their horse-chestnut-colored eyes.

Almost every one says of our Tommy, "What a handsome cat!" He is fat, Maltese in color, all but his big paws and superb white breast. But Tom is better than handsome: he is gentle, affectionate, and not dainty. All is grist that comes to his mill, from a squirrel to a fly. He never touches anything on the mantle-piece but the China cat; but, though he always lays his paw on that, I think he will never find out what sort of cat that is. He lodges at the barn, and comes in like a haystack to breakfast.

My friend has a Tommy which is now old and deaf. When he was young he disliked boys, and the noise they made. When the lady's brother whistled, he would spring on the sofa beside him, and lay his paw on the boy's lips.

But enough for this time, about the "news."

"POSTMASTER-GENERAL."

A GENTLEMAN who was one of the physicians at the Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley, took a long walk one day, accompanied by his dog, a fine Newfoundlander. In the evening he missed his dog, and also some letters from his coat pocket. The absence

of the dog did not surprise him, as he often wandered from him in his walks. The next day the gentleman felt annoyed and puzzled at the loss of his letters, and he thought it possible he might have drawn them out of his pocket with his handkerchief during his previous day's walk. He resolved, therefore, to repeat the walk, thinking he might have dropped the letters in an unfrequented path, and that they might be there still. About four miles from the hospital he came suddenly upon his dog, lying on the ground, with the letters close by! The dog must have lain by the side of the letters for sixteen hours, including the whole night. The animal has been called since "Postmaster-General."

A CHILD'S PARADISE.

THE two children looked at each other shyly, without speaking, for some minutes after they were left alone.

"I say," said Steenie, at last, "you ain't any relation to Mrs. Lutridge, are you?"

"No, no," cried Elsie, emphatically.

"Then, come along," said Steenie. Elsie was rather puzzled to know what "come along," meant, as they neither of them went anywhere; but she concluded that it was equivalent to saying, "Let us be friends," and she allowed herself to feel all the ecstatic happiness that such a proposition was calculated to give her.

When Miss Berry, following her small maid-servant with the dinner-tray, re-entered the room, she found the two children kneeling close together in a corner, and laughing heartily over some grotesque faces Steenie was surreptitiously introducing among the scroll-work bordering of the map.

Their mingled joyful voices, filling the shabby, dark, little room, gave her the

keenest pleasure, as if a flood of sunshine and delicious flower-scents and purest air had come round her; and though she suspected danger to her greatest treasure, she could not bring herself to inquire what they were doing.

Elsie was in Paradise, too. She could hardly believe her eyes as they followed the motions of Steenie's fingers.

There, with down-drawn lips and up-turned eyes, Mrs. Lutridge's face looked out from a rose, the leaf near it turned by magic into the man who kept the turnpike on the Bath road; and positively there, walking down that great coil of flourishes, as if it were a road, her own figure and Aunt Margaret's grew up under the pencil. Their poke bonnets, their straight dresses, the very way she hung back, staring round her, and Aunt Margaret looked straight on.

"Oh, how clever you are! what a wonderful boy you are!" she sighed, admiringly. "How I wish the pencil would do like that with me."

"Why should not I?" asked Steenie, condescendingly. "Some girls draw; my cousin, Cecil Russell, does. I've lots of little pictures she has sent me. I'll show them to you some day."

"You have a cousin!" said Elsie, with admiration and envy, increasing at every word. "How nice to have a cousin! And what a nice name Cecil is!"

"Yes," said Steenie, hesitatingly; "but I'll tell you something. She has not half such a nice face as you have. I've often thought of that when I looked at you in church. Cecil's jolly enough; but you, some how or other, — you are altogether different."

"Am I? Oh, dear, I don't want to be different," said Elsie, her little face lengthening. "Don't say I am so very different."

"You are, however," said Steenie stoutly.

"But you have a great deal the nicest face!"

Elsie was doubtful whether or no the second part of the sentence atoned for the first.

OLDBURY.

BOUND VOLUMES.

BOUND VOLUMES of the "Dayspring" for 1875, making Vol. IV. of "The Dayspring Series," will be for sale, as usual.

Bound volumes of the three previous years, also for sale.

The price will be as heretofore, *seventy-five cents* a volume; in exchange for the year's numbers, *fifty cents*.

Subscribers ordering the volume by mail need not send the numbers; but by remitting *sixty-five cents*, will receive the volume by return mail.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We shall be greatly obliged if our subscribers will notify us before the last of December of any change which they may wish to make in the address or number of papers to be sent them for the year 1876. Where we are not so notified, we shall send the same number as we have been sending this year. We would also remind all who have not paid their subscription for 1875, that we shall expect them to do so before the close of the year.

Puzzles.

30.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

FOUR sisters we, who ever since our birth,
Have ministering angels been to earth.
We've seen the new years come, the old years go;
Have watched earth's budding and its blooming too;
And still, supplied by an Almighty hand,
We shed our blessings broadcast o'er the land.

1. An eastern land of ancient fame and worth;
2. A southern land that gave the Incas birth;
3. A foe that sometimes fattens in the larder;
4. A little town within Moravia's border;
5. A Hebrew prophet when dread foes advanced;
6. On me the lads and maids have often danced.

1. The earth's protection from the winter's cold;
2. A Swiss Canton, oft named with Tell, the bold;
3. The queen of night, fair regent of the sky;
4. A place of busy trade, to sell and buy;
5. A little simple word that means before;
6. What angry waves do, rolling to the shore.

Primals and finals, in their order set,
Will give our names, which you will not forget.

W. N. E.

MONTREAL, Dec., 1875.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

26. — A ra B
L ass O
B oy S
A r T
N er O
Y ar N

27. — 1. His clothes were dampened by the *spray*
He dared not stop to think or *pray*;
The sun shed not a single *ray*;
His comrade to him answered *ay*.

2 Grain. Rain.

28. — Thanksgiving.

29. — P I N E
I B I S
N I N A
E S A U

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS wishing to use the Christmas Carol contained in this number can obtain copies of the "Dayspring" at the office of the Sunday-school Society, 7, Tremont Place.

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